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THE TIGER

Vol. I. IPSWICH, MASS., JUNE, 1920 No. 4

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EDITORIAL

In this, the second year of the Tiger's publication, occurs an event which is a matter of regret to everyone of the pupils and alumni of the High School, and in fact to the whole town. We all know that Mr. Marston this year leaves the Manning High School, of which he has been principal for a quarter of a century. The scholars at present in the High School and the graduates of twenty-five years are all deeply touched by his retirement, the scholars because they can no longer hear his half-serious, half-humorous lectures in chapel, and the Alumni because they can no longer drop in to visit their principal and talk over old school days with him.

All pupils will agree, no matter how much trouble they have gotten into or how many trying quarter hours they have spent in the office, that Mr. Marston has always treated them honestly and justly. Time and time again he said that he would meet us half way and that he would be square with us if we would be square with him. He has not only lived up to this but he has gone beyond it. A great many times he has gone much further than half way. How many of us have been called down to the office for some "slight indiscretion," as he humorously put it, expecting some severe punishment, only to be sent away with a reprimand ending with, "We'll call it square now." But if Mr. Marston has not been a severe and harsh disciplinarian neither has he been the sort of person who is lax in keeping order and holding the pupils to their work. If anything really wrong has happened he has always meted out a punishment equal to the offense but perfectly just and fair.

His punishments, though perhaps seeming too severe, at the time, never rankled in the offender's mind for he has always made the wrong-doer see the foolishness and the wickedness of the misdeed and the justice of the punishment.

Beside being so fair and honest with his pupils in the matter of discipline he has always wanted to help them in every possible way. He has always been anxious that his scholars should get through their work successfully, not simply because he wished the school to make a good showing, but because of his good-will and friendship for every boy and girl in the school. He has never gotten angry at a pupil because his quarter's work had not been passed or because he had fallen down in his examinations. His way has been to find out the reason for the failure and then to try to get the pupil to set it right. He has inquired how the lessons were going and has always been ready to help a pupil through a difficult passage in Latin or a knotty problem in Algebra.

Most men who have been teachers for twenty or thirty years get stale in their work. They take only a perfunctory interest in school activities and sometimes they begin to hate the sight of a school and every boy and girl in it. Mr. Marston has never under any circumstances acted in this way. He has always had a lively interest in the school at every point, in keeping up the standard of athletics, in the Glee Club, and in all school affairs. He has never taken part to such an extent that he was thought domineering. He has kept, rather, in the background, always ready with some wise suggestion. Even after twenty-five years of boys and girls he has never tired of the scholars under him in spite of an occasional pupil who has tried to lie to him and deceive him.

Besides his good qualities as principal of the High School, as a personal friend he is extremely well liked. His quiet humor, his amusing way of putting things, his helpful suggestions, his personal charm, all make him an extremely pleasant person with whom to be acquainted. We in the High School especially know his wit and humor. Perhaps he is fondest of making jokes on himself and the whole school has laughed many times at his reference to his hair, "which" he says, "is conspicuous by its absence."

Altogether the scholars of the High School are losing a true friend, a fair and just principal, and a pleasant companion; and we are all extremely sorry that we shall not see him in the school again next year.

H. D. JR.

SALUTATORY—OUR PROBLEMS

We, the members of the class of 1920, wish most heartily to welcome you all to our commencement exercises. The fact that you are here this evening shows that you are our friends, and as our friends, you will be interested in the problems, the solving of which will determine the success or failure of our lives.

Our chief anxiety is the chosing of a vocation. Fifty years ago such a choice was seldom necessary for most of the girls became housewives and most of the boys took up the life-work of their fathers. Today, there is hardly a girl who does not earn her own living at least for a few years and the boy who takes his father's place is now the exception rather than the rule. Literally scores of possibilities invite us—each with its own attractions and with its difficulties to be overcome. Some offer small salaries at first but promise rapid advancement; others tempt us with a large salary, but repel us because they can offer little chance for promotion. Sometimes brilliant financial prospects demand the severing of home-ties and the forfeiting of social pleasures and recreation. Again a position, the actual work of which seems in itself less attractive, permits a fuller life outside its bounds, a broader realization of ideals of usefulness and service. Each must choose for himself the one for which his peculiar tastes and abilities are best adapted—the one in which he can make the most of his life. The problem is not an easy one and its importance in our lives demands that we bring to its solving the highest effort of which we are capable. When an architect is employed to erect some splendid building he uses all his science and his utmost skill—he spends hours and hours—working out the plans for the structure. Chosing a vocation is making the plan for the structure of our lives, and our success as builders depends largely on the wisdom of our plan.

Our first problem, then, is how we can make our lives most advantageous to ourselves. Our second—perhaps even greater than the first—is how we can best serve our country. She insures us personal safety, and freedom; she affords numberless opportunities and privileges for our well being and happiness; for twelve years she has provided us with free schooling that we might be better able to meet our problems. We owe her much and we must pay our debt. When the United States entered the world war, her young men answered the call for volunteers with "We owe it to our country. We will pay our debt." We graduates cannot pay our debt by fighting for our country, but we **can** pay it by becoming true and loyal citizens, by each giving his utmost effort to the solving of the problems of our government. Bolshevism is not the final solution for poverty and ignorance nor is war the sanest way to answer international questions. Strikes will never end the disputes between capital and labor nor will continuously higher prices alone secure us from decreasing production of necessities. A definite foreign policy must be determined and immigration regulated. The coming generation must solve problems of government such as no nation in history has ever met successfully or our civilization must pass away even as have those of Egypt and Persia, of Greece and Rome.

We, as future citizens, must solve these problems. Whether we shall succeed is a question to be answered by ourselves, alone, and, for the class, I say, "We CAN, we WILL."

Dear classmates, make my answer a

true one. May each one of us seek his best approach to Success, and having found it, keep steadily on its path, never branching off, nor turning back, until he has gained its farthest point. Then we shall be able to look back on this memorable parting with joy in our hearts and pride at having achieved our great end—success.

ALICE M. DAVIS, 1920.

VALEDICTORY—"NULLA VES TIGIA RETRORSUM"

No footsteps backward! What better motto could be ours? What could better illustrate our own ideals or those of the country in which we live? Indeed, from the time, three hundred years ago, when our ancestors landed in Plymouth with a firm resolve to found a country which they and their descendants might be proud to call their own, this spirit of progress has been instilled in the hearts of our people. It existed even in those early years of hardship and suffering and remained undaunted through the cruel Indian massacres which nearly annihilated the staunch little colonies.

Glancing over the pages of history we can note the steady march of progress. From a few scattering settlements in the wilderness we have risen to what we are to-day, a great and powerful nation.

Meanwhile the progressive ideal hidden in the recesses of men's minds began to materialize in the shape of modern inventions. Many labor saving machines were invented, among them the cotton gin which revolutionized the cotton industry in the south. The steam boat and steam railway came into existence, then theories and facts about electricity were developed one by one and throughout all the intervening years the great men of every period have continued to study, plan and produce many electrical devices. The telegraph, cable and, later, the telephone system have resulted and brought all parts of the world into communication with each other.

The progress made in education has been no less marked. While the desire for religious freedom was the one great motive which led the colonists from the old world to the new, yet they were a people to whom education ranked second only to religion. Crude little cabins built by the pioneers from roughly hewn logs represented their first attempts, but in less than a century three of the largest colleges of to-day were founded. However, for many years a grammar school education was considered munificent. Only a few were able to afford the advantages offered by high school courses and even fewer could bear the expense of a college training. We, the children of to-day, are allowed the privileges of grammar and high school education at the expense of the town and the commonwealth. With the opportunities that are ours, how easy it should be for us to build the house of progress—

"To match our spirits to our day
And make a joy of duty!"

Honored Principal: We, your youngest children, greet you. You, too, are graduating this year from the Manning High School and we feel that we are most fortunate to have the honor of admitting you to the Class of 1920. We are glad that one of our classmates after a quarter of a century of faithful service here, can already testify that he has successfully reached the goal toward which we are struggling. As we grow older and our visions broaden we shall think even more of the noble example which you have always set us and we shall know that our

lives have been better for having learned of you. A short time ago, your pupils of former years gathered here to tender their tribute of respect and honor. It is now our privilege to add to theirs our tribute, and may the knowledge of the place which you hold in all our hearts bring you the pleasantest of memories.

Classmates: For four long years we have worked together with this common goal in view. Shoulder to shoulder we have pressed forward and now that our years of preparation are over, we are standing upon the threshold of the world. Our common pathways will soon diverge but let us never delay with lingering steps over the performance of some great task, and may our motto, "Nulla Vestigia Retrorsum" help us to be true to ourselves, our school, our country and our God.

MARY E. GORDON, 1920.

CLASS HISTORY

What a grand day was September 16, 1917, for the eighty-one of us who entered the High School as Freshmen. We had left the Junior High School to pass into a walk of life with which we were entirely unacquainted. We felt that we knew almost everything and that we were going to have a great many good times. But our anticipations were soon proved to be false. The Seniors (as well as the teachers) soon told us that we knew nothing and within a short time we found out for ourselves that we really didn't know enough to hurt us. As for ambition, we always had enough of that. We always did our best to prepare to the satisfaction of the teachers, or at least, of ourselves, the assigned lessons although we sometimes found them long and difficult. Our Freshman year was the most wearisome of all years. We were Freshmen and were treated as such by the upper classmen. The Seniors associated with us for the sole purpose of telling us how little we knew and how much we thought we knew. The Juniors didn't trouble themselves to be agreeable. The Sophomores were civil and yet not noticeably sociable. But such is the life of a Freshman. Soon that horrible year was ended and we were given a chance to forget our Freshman trials and tribulations, altho' they lingered in the memory of many.

Forty-four Freshmen managed to survive our first year to become Sophomores. Our life was much easier in all respects. Another class had entered to take our place as Freshmen and we joined the upper classmen in ignoring them. At the close of that year we lost many of our teachers, among them Mr. Pickup, who had a habit of making us write outlines in English, a plan to which every pupil objects. He was calm under all circumstances and if two questions should happen to be asked of him at the same time he would simply reply, "Now, just hold your horses." Several teachers left in June to be married, but Miss McKay could wait only until the last of May. One of our most beloved teachers was Miss Emerson who also left then, but not for the purpose of getting married though she was engaged to our Science teacher, Mr. Goodwin. She helped many of us to struggle through that much despised study, Geometry. She had been away from us only a short time when we received the sad news of her death.

Apparently many of our number considered half the high school course enough for only twenty-eight came back the next

fall. In the course of our Junior year several things of interest took place. Physical Training was introduced and has managed to exist, without proper instruction or rooms, for two years although many of us fail to see the reason for it. The boys prefer matching pennies in Room B, the girls arranging their tresses before the mirror, to having "Physical Torture" as it is generally called.

Our Junior Prom came that year and was a success financially as well as socially. The most important of the new plans was the so-called improvement of changing from one to two sessions. No remarks concerning this subject are necessary as it has been discussed by everyone everywhere since it went into effect. The school paper entitled "The Tiger" made its first appearance that year and proved to be very satisfactory.

But best of all was our senior year. The sensation was described thus by one of our Freshman teachers.—

"A Freshman knows nothing and thinks he knows something.

"A Sophomore knows nothing and knows he knows nothing.

"A Junior knows something and thinks he knows nothing.

"A Senior knows something and knows he knows something."

During these four years each and every one of us has developed some conspicuous characteristics. Raymond Sullivan and Louis Bean have been partners in everything. If the majority of the pupils disliked a recitation, French grammar, for example, "Ray" and Bean were sure to start a conversation with the teacher which never failed to postpone the dreadful lesson.

Another classmate whom I shall never forget is our beloved valedictorian. Sometimes several would find a lesson quite difficult and would think, "Oh well, if we can't understand it the others can't." But as sure as we got in class Mary always had her lesson prepared and nine chances out of ten it was perfect.

Warren and Elsie may be classed together in regard to attendance. Elsie didn't enjoy assembly in the morning so she found a good reason for coming ten or fifteen minutes late. Warren didn't like any part of the day and he, too, found good excuses though they didn't always prove acceptable.

A recent addition to our class is Beatrice Connor. "Bea" is always interested in class affairs and is a great help in making our events a success.

Our salutatorian is the class angel. Alice is quiet on all occasions and in class meetings approves of everything, a good trait which others might well copy.

Last but not least is Pamelia Gould. When a committee is needed "Pam" is always the first one elected and never fails to do her duty faithfully and successfully.

We leave behind us several honors and duties which we dedicate to the remaining classes.

To the class of 1921 we leave the long coveted name of Senior with the necessity of upholding at all times and in all places the dignity that belongs to it.

The chance of making plans for raising money for graduation, with the kind aid of the other classes, and the great pleasure of preparing the annual Senior Play.

To the other classes we extend our heartfelt sympathy and sincerest hopes.

As our dearly beloved principal is leaving us to-night we wish to extend our warmest appreciation for his earnest efforts made towards our progress and for his kind assistance always willingly given either along educational lines or in a social way.

CLEOLA DAVIS, 1920.

WHO'S WHO
in the
SENIOR CLASS

NAME	NICKNAME	APPEARANCE	HOBBY
Mable Anthony	Stickum	Haughty	Pouting
Nathaniel Archer	Babe	Dark	Clerking
Louis Bean	Baron	I-know-it-all	Violin cat-wails
Warren Brown	Warnie	Wobbly	Telling whoppers
Helen Chapman	Chappy	Fair	No afternoon session
Beatrice Connor	Bea	Sporty	Ballet Dancing
Alice Davis	Al	Angelic	Studying
Cleola Davis	Lola	Loving certain people	Cleon
Mary Gordon	Too dignified to have one	Learned	Translating Virgil
Pamelia Gould	Pam	Willowy	Superiority
Edna Herlihy	Eddie	Wide	Skipping periods
Henry Hills	Hen	Overworked	Studying History
Franklin Hulbert	Frank	Movie hero	His pompadour
Barbara James	Sonny	Lovable	Gossiping
Elsie Mackinney	Else	Saintly	Eating
Mary Nourse	Bill	Meek	Keeping quiet
Hazel Rogers	Bob	Cute	Making eyes
Rosamond Seahill	Roz	Snappy	Entertaining
Raymond Sullivan	Shrimp	Minute	Listening to his own voice
Bernard Sullivan	Bun	Worried	Football
Bernice Whittier	Bunnie	Quiet	Going to church

CLASS SONG

Music—"I'll Love You All Over Again."

Old Manning High School, we say good-bye,
You have done your best for us.
Although we are leaving,
And our hearts are grieving,
We will be true to your trust.

CHORUS.

Our class of nineteen twenty
Brings tribute and honor to thee,
We go forth tonight,
To make the world bright
And staunch little comrades we'll be.
When long days look dark and dreary
We will watch for the sunshine so bright.
And we'll fight for the truth
With the spirit of youth
So three cheers for our high school tonight.

Our high school days are now all over
Those four dear years of our life,
So singing this token
Of our real devotion,
Class-mates! we'll all say good-bye.

BEATRICE M. CONNOR, 1920.

COUNT BEAUFOIS, THE EXILE.

Roux, a once beautiful suburb of Paris, was being ravaged and pillaged, by a party of Revolutionists, on a certain October morning in 1793. The streets were in great confusion; children were calling for parents; mothers were weeping for lost children, and men were wildly arguing and calling for volunteer leaders.

Roux was one of the first small towns to be plundered, because it was here that

all the Counts, Marquis and Allies of Louis XVI, had lived. The King had been beheaded only the day before, and the little band of Royalists were unable to find a leader as none of the nobility dared to leave their families. At last a voice rang out, "Beaufois! Where is the Count? He will lead us to victory."

The walls of Count Louis Beaufois' chateau lay in ruins, but still offered shelter from the turmoil, for the Countess and her two small sons, Charles and Jean. It was here that the little band of followers found their chosen leader. "Beaufois, you are needed; your country calls you," came a strong voice, ringing through the tumult, to the Count.

"Ma fois," shuddered the man, "I cannot leave my family to the misery alone; but yet—" A picture flashed through his mind of his father's last blessing as he had said, "Be brave, Louis, my son. Fight your battles like a man and, above all, stand by your king." "Yes," the Count added hastily, "I'll go." Giving a parting embrace to his wife and children, he turned to leave them, perhaps forever. "Make haste, mon pere," cried little Jean, "make haste, lest you be too late."

As the Count gathered his little band of followers the words of his son came ringing in his ears, "Make haste lest you be too late." Would he be too late? Another party of Girondists had entered the town. Ah! Yes, Beaufois, too late! The scene in the streets was one of utmost misery, where men slaughtered children and women by the scores. The beautiful old cathedrals and palaces were burning and some were even being torn down on the very heads of the occupants.

The Count called on his forces to charge. Where were they? They had deserted him! At the sight which they could not endure they had fled in all directions, leaving the leader with less than a score of followers. What could they do? Beaufois, who still had the picture of his father before him, roared once more, "Charge! Down with the villians!" The fight was hand to hand and fist to fist, and before long, the few Royalists were trampled under foot. All but Beaufois, He was bound, stoned, spit upon, and cursed.

"Alas!" he thought, "I could bear these tortures bravely if I could only know that my wife and children were safe." But no word of his wife came, and the man, discouraged by his failures to be of service to the country, slept in a corner on a heap of rubbish, where he had been thrown. He was suddenly awakened by someone tugging and pulling at him. Then he was dragged through street after street, too sore and weak to know what was being done to him.

At last the little party, made up of a few guards and Beaufois, reached Paris and the prisoner was taken to the St. Sauver prison, which had been captured at the outbreak of the revolution by the Girondists. The Count passed the sleepless night in worry. Before dawn the next day, he was led out to meet his fate at the guillotine. As he was led forth, he felt a steady gaze upon him and, turning slightly he met the eyes of an erect, manly figure. The gaze was fixed searchingly upon him as if the man tried to recall an instance. Beaufois was sure that he had seen the man before. But where? Ah, his head was in confusion; he could not understand it all. The tall figure edged nearer as if to have a word with the prisoner. By some chance little short of a miracle, the man proved to be a long lost friend of the Count's, who had come to save him. Could he, ah, could he by any means cut loose the prisoner's bonds? The time had come; the guards who had met at the wine-shop the night before

were now more concerned about joviality and fun than about their prisoner. The tall stranger slipped noiselessly behind the Count and with a small sharp knife cut the bonds quickly. "Make haste, mon ami," whispered the rescuer, "make haste lest you be too late."

Where had the Count heard similiar words? He tried to remember but only for a moment, while he and his friend hid behind a pile of rubbish in a deserted cellar. Late that night they crept out into the darkness, and, as Beaufois was thanking the friend, he was suddenly grasped by the arm. He whirled about to face the former Marquis of Roux.

"Count Beaufois," he thundered, "You are given by the authorities just forty-eight hours to get out of France, comprennez-vous?"

"Je comprens," replied the Count, and, turning silently away in the darkness, he left the two men behind. He could find no trace of his wife and children that night, and the next afternoon he took a trading ship at Havre which was to set sail for New England that night. The exile never knew what became of his family, and he ended his wretched and miserable life in Bradford, Massachusetts, two short years later.

HORTENSE JEWETT, 1922.

KARAK.

In the Alaskan International Trading Camp in Hayes City, Alaska, a stormy scene was being enacted between a native Eskimo trader and a young man named Lipton, dressed apparently for a long trip on a sledge.

"But, man," said the traveller rather exasperatedly, "Haven't you anything thing better than this?" "Nothin'," said the oily trader, spreading his equally oily hands before him in an expressive gesture.

"But these are mixed blood. Not one real Eskimo dog in the establishment?"

The oily trader would probably have made the same gesture had not an entirely white dog of the proper breed entered at that moment.

"Ah-h," said Lipton turning towards him, "How much will you sell this for?"

"Karak? Nine hundred—cheap."

Lipton examined the dog's points and pronounced her a thoroughbred Eskimo sledge dog.

"Faithful," interposed the laconic trader.

"Faithful? To you? She won't try to go back to you, will she?"

As Karak approached the trader she turned up her lip and snarled, and, suddenly turning, rubbed against Lipton's leg. It was evident she had no love for the native.

Lipton took Karak outdoors, tied her with the three half breeds and drove her around a little. She was perfect when it came to teamwork and kept her companions carefully in order when they needed it. When Lipton gave her one or two words of admiration, Karak wagged her tail to show she was friendly and jumped lightly on her hind legs leaning against the man. Lipton staggered back, amazed to see that the dog was half a head taller than he. Karak was soon bought from the trader and hitched to the team. Lipton would never have trusted himself to go safely across the frozen waste on the journey which he was undertaking without at least one real Eskimo dog, and even with Karak he was dubious. But the

need was urgent, and Lipton, used as he was to the ways of traders, was nevertheless inclined to believe the Hayes City trader when he said the half breeds were almost as good as any dog.

For two perfect days Lipton travelled, sleeping, eating, and even exercising in his sledge. When the third day dawned clear and cold and Lipton was congratulating himself on having the same weather throughout the trip, he noticed a strange uneasiness among his dogs. Karak was trying her best to quiet them, nipping here and snapping there, but she only succeeded in exciting them the more. Lipton soon got out to quiet them, just taking a short walk with them to exercise his stiffened limbs. Suddenly the leader jerked away from him and started on a swift trot. Before Lipton had time to grab the reins the others started and in a second they were going so fast that no man cou'd possibly overtake them. At first Lipton tried but soon gave up the attempt and regained the trail, intending to walk to Lincoln Station, the nearest settlement, which was a good half day's journey in the sledge. When he started everything was perfectly still except for the crunching of his feet on the crusty snow. A wolf bayed in the d'stance, then another and another. Then Lipton heard his dogs answer the call. He cou'd even distinguish Karak's deep growling tones. He decided it was the wolves which had excited them and thanked his stars he was carrying a loaded pistol.

But a twenty-four hour's journey over icy ground without food and with uncertain weather for the night is without doubt a bad prospect. By nightfall he was weary and hungry, and if he stopped for even a minute the cold penetrated his jacket. Northern lights were flickering across the sky, there was no moon—no stars. Lipton noticed all these things mechanically. He was beginning to walk mechanically. Once he slipped, twisted his ankle and limped painfully on. Whenever he thought of anything he said to himself he was glad the moon would not rise till just before the Northern lights faded, and it would not set till dawn had come. He had assured himself of that before he started on this trip against which all his friends had advised him. Two hours more he tramped. Suddenly he realized it was growing dark. Looking about him he saw the moon had set and there was no streak of dawn in the East. Then he remembered he had expected to get to Lincoln Station by noon or in the evening at the latest. Still he walked on another hour, off the trail and probably in a circle. Still no sign of dawn. All at once he felt a damp, cold splash on his face and realized it was beginning to snow. Once more he slipped, falling this time with his leg doubled sickeningly under him. The man tried to rise but cou'd not, and was forced to drag himself along as best he could, he did not know where. Soon his mind began to wander; occasionally he would lose utter control of himself and shriek for help from the echoless, frozen wastes. Then he would be silent again, creeping along in the snow. He thought to himself he would die there and no one would know or care. The oily trader would laugh—spread out his oily hands. Thorough-bred dogs! "Karak, good Karak!" He imagined the dog had come and was licking his benumbed cheeks. The imagination seemed to warm him as he gave up all attempt of moving and lay where he was with the snow silent, deathlike, enshrouding him. Startled he suddenly realized Karak was next to him, bloody, with the reins of the sledge bitten through and flapping about him. She put her strong teeth in Lipton's belt and dragged as fast as she could

through the everdeepening snow towards Lincoln Station. She knew the way well having made the trip often, and depended, not on any man-made trail, but on her own keen, quivering nostrils.

Early the next morning at Lincoln Station an astonished set of men saw a limping bloody dog drawing a stronglimbed, unconscious man in her teeth, tired and shivering from head to foot. Some of them easily recognized Karak, and Lipton, when he recovered, was able to tell the story of his rescue so that another story of a dumb beast's heroism was added to the list of those already known.

JULIA F. DOUGHTY, 1922.

MY ENGLISH LESSON

'Twas almost nine o'clock one morning bright;
Most easily might the teacher have discerned
With what reluctant minds we to our English turned,
How slowly Brown his Math, put out of sight.

The room was hushed in peaceful silence rare,
When in her sudden way the teacher said,
"Tomorrow's lesson," here rose every head,
"Tomorrow's lesson is to write a poem."

While walking home from school that afternoon,
I lost myself in earnest thought of what
My poem should be about, but naught,
No hope nor plan could I divine so soon.

But taking pen and ink that night,
I labored earnestly, although my hopes were dead,
And so I wrote this poem which you have read,
And that was all that I could write.

NATHAN SUSHELSKY, 1921.

SUPREME SACRIFICE

At the edge of a small wood near the French village of Hugemont, lived a little boy of nine years named Bossuet. He was small for his age, with a dark complexion and dark eyes and he was a cripple. He lived alone at the time in his little cottage. A neighbor came in each day to do his work and prepare his simple meals. In normal times he lived with his father in the cottage but now his father had gone at the call of Napoleon against the English to the battle ground of Waterloo.

During one of the fiercest battles the soldiers had ever seen, on the day the English bombarded the French from the Church, and were answered by tempests of flame, on the day on which the English had effected the worst massacres of the fight, little Bossuet sat on the steps in front of his house and wondered. Where was his father now? Was he fighting desperately or was he lying dead or dying in some obscure spot? Bossuet was a passionate child. The more he pondered, and thought about his father the more he wanted to see him. Something seemed calling, calling him to his father.

On the battle field all was quiet except for a shot that rang out now and then either from the gun of the guard or of a

spy or prowler. The sun, hesitating on the brink of the horizon, gave one last blood-reflected glance and slipped behind the hills as if to shut out the horrible scene before it.

Within the battered, decrepit walls of Waterloo there was fatigue but no slumber; there was hunger, but no food; there was thirst but no water; there were dead bodies but no graves; there were leaders without followers and followers without leaders. It was a terrible night. Except for those who were to sleep forever, there was no rest.

In a corner beneath some vines lay a Frenchman, groaning for water, and calling for his little lame boy. Yes, it was Bossuet's father, Combeferre.

While he was praying for his child the hand of Providence, or the hand of Fate, (who could tell which?) was guiding Bossuet on his home-made crutches toward the battle ground. He was small and although his crutches were impediments to his progress he soon reached the inside of the ground, guided by that unseen hand. He searched along the walls diligently for his father. He dared not call lest he should be heard and killed as a spy. At last he could go no farther and sinking down in a corner cried softly to himself. But only for a moment, for Bossuet, like all boys, hated tears and he resolutely brushed them away.

At this moment his heart stood still with terror. What was that noise? He listened. A shot rang out and all was still again. When Bossuet had quieted his fears he heard again a whisper cry. He fears he heard again a whispered cry. He drew nearer the sound, and then, his heart failing him, he backed away from it in fear. Suppose it were an Englishman!

The parched cry came again more loud; "Bossuet, come!" Bossuet's heart leaped and he made his way as quickly as possible to his father's side.

"Water!" Where could he get a drop of water? His father was dying of thirst.

Peering through the darkness to which his eyes had now become accustomed he saw indistinctly a soldier lying not ten feet away drinking from a flask. He must get the water. He crept cautiously toward the Englishman and stealing upon him quickly snatched it from his hands. The man cried out, a shot came hurtling through the air and struck Bossuet's deformed limb. He staggered and fell fainting, but still mindful of his purpose, crept painfully to his father's side and held the water to his parched lips.

The last drops gone, the man breathed a sigh of relief and turned his head to embrace his brave son. At that instant little Bossuet, overcome by pain and faintness, sank forward upon the breast of his parent and died quietly.

. . . . . .

A few years later at the edge of a forest in Hugomont, in a tiny cottage, there sits alone an old man, in the clothes of a soldier. His snow-white hair falls down upon his shoulders. His ears are grown deaf with listening for his son's song; his eyes are grown dim with tears and with watching for his child's bright face. But Providence, or Fate, have given the lame hero a supreme dawn, have drawn him from the supreme shadow of pain into a haven of rest and happiness. So while the old father sits quietly, only waiting the call of that Holy Monarch to summon him, not to battle as before, but to a glorious home where no mortal hand can snatch his happiness from him.

LUCY LEE, 1922.

A GHOSTLY EVENING

It was our first evening in camp. All the boys were glad to be back. We were telling stories around the fire, though we did not really need the fire as it had been a very warm day. Finally someone told a ghost story and after that all the stories were about ghosts. It was a dark night; the moon was behind a thick cloud; the wind blew in gusts foretelling a storm; the water of the lake beat angrily upon the shore; the thunder boomed sullenly; and jagged flashes of lightning stood out against the darkening sky. A particularly ghostly story had been told and the younger boys were really frightened. Some of us older boys, too, were beginning to get a little shivery. A twig snapped near by and our hearts almost stopped beating. An owl hooted far off; in the distance a dog bayed at the moon; and in the heavy darkness we seemed to feel airy touches on our faces and shoulders. No one spoke but each was thinking of all the ghost stories he had ever heard. In spite of the sultry heat we all drew nearer the fire, for it made us feel a little better to have our neighbors close beside us. The laugh of a loon rang out over the lake like the laugh of a tortured soul. Night was closing in and now we could see nothing but a wall of darkness beyond the circle of the fire, and between the peals of thunder we could hear nothing but the beating of the angry waves on the shore. We jumped at every little sound. A harmless rabbit scuttling through the bushes frightened us as if a ghost were coming. Flashes of lightning touched familiar objects with a ghostly light and seemed to intensify the darkness which followed. It was very still, except for the thunder which rumbled and roared after each flash.

One of the boys cried out sharply and looking where he pointed we felt our blood freeze and our hair rise. No one dared to move and all were rooted to the spot. We saw something tall, white, wavering, thin; and a pair of gleaming, cruel, unnatural, cold eyes. In one spot we could see the gleam of the water through it. It sighed, and again the laugh of the loon rang out over the lake. This time the sound was cold and bloodthirsty. Slowly the ghost wavered first to one side, then to the other. Just then the rain struck, and not waiting to see whether the ghost followed, we bolted for the tents to burrow into our blankets.

DOROTHY SHAW, 1923.

DUTIES ON THE FARM

Getting up in the morning early,
Almost at break of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy,
Turning the cows away.

Washing the breakfast dishes,
Dusting the parlor chairs,
Roasting the meat for dinner,
Making the beds upstairs.

Churning the golden butter,
Hunting for eggs in the hay,
Feeding the geese and the poultry,
Scarce having time for play.

With cheeks as red as roses,
And teeth as white as pearls,
This little country lassie,
Is worth scores of city girls.

ESTHER BISSON, 1921.

JUNE

The month of June is here again
  Arrayed in shimmering green
And as we stroll o'er dusty roads
  Gay blossoms can be seen
A-nodding in the gentle breeze,
  With faces bright and cheery
To welcome each and every one
  The sprightly and the weary.

Within a nest in a treetop high
  Three birdlets, snug and warm,
Are fed by a busy mother bird
  And kept from every harm.
The father bird, in coat of red;
  Sings sweetly, "Cheer, oh Cheer!"
His golden throat sends out the words
  For one and all to hear.

Yes, June is here! Let all be glad
  And heed the robin's song;
Go smiling through the sunny days,
  For the right stand true and strong.
For sunny days bring sunny smiles
  And sunny smiles bring cheer.
While each and all of us agree
  June's the best time of the year.

RICHARD RALPH, 1921.

DIFFICULTIES IN ENGLISH

What shall I write about?
Poems aren't in my line,
But I'll have to write one,
Or the teacher'll give me mine.

I don't want my walking ticket!
I want a poem instead!
If I worry much more about it
I'll have a pain in my head!

I wait for an inspiration,
Which doesn't seem to come.
While I sit and wonder and wonder
My lesson should be done!
The trouble that teacher's causing!
If she knew how it bothered us,
I wonder if she'd not relent
And not cause such a terrible fuss?

Well—I'll just have to face her,
And receive my walking card.
Why does that English teacher
Give lessons so awfully hard?

EMMA HALEY, 1921.

THE IPSWICH RIVER

O this is the winding Ipswich river,
Flowing slowly down to the sea,
Rising up in the Topsfield marshes,
Ever widening on its way
'Til it disappears in the roaring sea.

At first it is a narrow brook,
Winding through the meadows,
And through the marshes
Then as it speeds on its hastening way
Larger it grows
Until at length
With a final roar and resounding crash
Over the dam it surges onto the sharp rocks below.

Thence it rushes under stone bridges
'Til reaching the marshes it spreads itself
Into creeks and inlets
Until it becomes
A maze of intricate channels.
Flowing slowly along
Past the white beach
Out to the sea.

RICHARD HODGKINS, 1921.

LESSONS

We have lessons in the morning, and in the afternoon;
We must think while we are eating of the lessons coming soon;
We have lessons after supper, which we must then prepare.
Does it seem so many lessons can possibly be fair?

If we're going to the movies, we must our English do;
If we're going to the concert we must read our History through
Or there are unknown quantities for which we have to look.
How much trouble t'would have saved us if there'd never been a book!

If we're invited to a party, or anything at all
There's that awful Caesar waiting with his legion still in Gaul.
If we're going to the theatre to see our favorite hero
To have our conscience easy we must finish up with Nero.

The piano may invite us; we may wish to sing a song
But unless our French is finished, everything is wrong.
If we sew, crochet, or knit, or do anything but cram
We sorrowfully flunk our classes and the quarterly exam.

There are lessons, lessons always, as far as I can see
And though I've finished English there are lessons still for me.
So I'll put this little tirade in my book and out of sight
Hoping hard that Mrs. Cushman will think it sounds all right.

CATHERINE J. CALDWELL, 1921.

SOCIAL NEWS

The Junior Prom was held May 7 at the Red Men's Hall. The hall was very prettily decorated in pink and grey, the class colors. The stage and the Matron's and Punch corners were trimmed in a very effective manner. There were a number of streamers from the center of the hall extending to all the corners. The Matrons were Mrs. J. I. Horton, Mrs. R. Whipple, and Mrs. H. Brown. The Committees in charge were:

—The Business Committee—
Mr. Howard Doughty Mr. Richard Ralph
Mr. Maynard Whittier.
—The Decorating Committee—
Miss Ruby Earley Miss Mary Martel
Miss Ardace Savory.
—The Invitation Committee—
Miss Catherine Caldwell
Miss Katherine Reddy
Miss Hilda Scales.

The whole was supervised by the President of the Junior Class,
Mr. Gardner Brown.

EXCHANGE JOKES

Great Scott!
If Ivanhoed the bonnie brae
And Athelstaned his tunic new
And Friar Tucked his food away
Pray what, oh, what, did Roderick Dhu
—The Holten. (Danvers.)

What we owe to Latin.
All people died who spoke it
All people died who wrote it
All people die who learn it
Blessed dead, they surely earn it.
—High School Review (Lowell.)

Customer:—"Do you serve fish here?"
Waiter:—"Yes sir, sit down, we serve anybody."

THE SENIOR CLASS, MANNING HIGH SCHOOL

Town Hall, May 14, 1920.

PRESENTS

"MR. BOB."

A Comedy in Two Acts.

CHARACTERS:

Aunt Becky, a lover of cats	Cleola Davis
Mr. Brown, lawyer for Benson & Benson	Raymond Sullivan
Katherine, Aunty Becky's niece	Mary Gordon
Philip, her nephew, a captain	Franklin Hulbert
Jenkins, the butler	Louis Bean
Patty, the maid	Beatrice Connor
"Mr. Bob"	Hazel Rogers

The play proved a great success and all the cast deserve much praise for their work. Miss Connor and Miss Bean are entitled to special credit. The class presented their coach, Mrs. Cushman, with a wonderful bouquet of roses. The play was later repeated in Rowley with equal success.

* * * * *

The usual Memorial Day exercises of the public schools were held May 28. During the first part of the morning the lower grades had their exercises at the Town Hall. At eleven o'clock the High School escorted the soldiers and lower grades back to the school. The High School then held their exercises in the Manning Hall. Gardner Brown, Muriel Russell, Nathan Sushelsky and Rosamond Reilly gave readings, and the school sang several songs. The school was then honored by addresses from two members of the Grand Army and two of the American Legion.

* * * * *

The Annual Glee Club Concert was given June 3. The Club was assisted by Miss Dorothy Berry Carpenter, a reader, and Mr. Raphael Del Sordo, a violinist. The Program was arranged in two parts. The first consisted of various songs by the Glee Club, and many selections by Miss Carpenter, among which were "The Picnic" from "The Woman Haters", one of Joseph C. Lincoln's stories, "A Joy Ride" and Penrod's "Letter to a Friend." Mr. Del Sordo contributed several violin solos including "Romance" by Rubinstein, "On the Wings of Song" by Mendelssohn and Sarosipe's "Habanera". The last part of the Program was a Cantata, the "Song of Victory", by the Glee Club assisted by Miss Martel, the leader. The entertainment and the following dance was greatly enjoyed by all, and the concert proved a great success.

* * * * *

A banquet was given in honor of Mr. Marston, Saturday June 12. Mr. Marston has been principle of this school for twenty-five years. All the Alumni were invited, and the tables were arranged in the form of a big "M.' Several men spoke, and all present had a very enjoyable time. Mr. Marston was presented with two hundred dollars in gold, and fifty dollars in checks.

SPORTING NEWS—BASE BALL

The base ball team which represents the Manning High School this season is as good as can be expected from a small high school like ours. The team has shown a marked improvement over the ball team of last year, in all departments of the game, and if this improvement continues, conditions for a fast winning team are favorable in a few years to come.

The team was coached by Maynard Jewett, a former High School graduate, and star athlete of the school. But practice was greatly handicapped by lack of time and by the failure of many candidates to keep up in their work. The schedule included about fifteen games but as weather conditions were unfavorable the majority of them were cancelled.

The following players made the team:

G. Brown Capt.	Dondero
Witham	Cunningham
Gould	Kalaboke
Dunn	M. Whittier
Hayes	R. Whittier
R. Sullivan	Callahan
B. Sullivan	Bean

The first game of the season was played with Dummer Academy, at South Byfield. The boys were greatly handicapped because the team was not picked until five minutes before the game and most of the positions were new to the players. The score was Dummer 17 Manning 3.

The second game was also with Dummer at Ipswich. The team had picked up since their first game and played much better ball, Dummer being forced to use three pitchers. Errors in the field were responsible for most of Dummer's runs. Cunningham's batting featured for Manning. The score was Dummer 16 Manning 12.

May 12:

Salem 20 Manning 15

Errors in the field were responsible for the large score.

May 22:

Newburyport 8 Manning 16

The first success of the season was won by the fast playing of the infield and by Gould's excellent pitching, only three balls being hit to the outfielders.

June 2:

Manchester 4 Manning 4

Gould pitched a fine game and received good support. The feature of the game was a spectacular catch by R. Sullivan in centerfield.

June 9:

Beverly 15 Manning 7

On account of Manchester's failure to show up, the team played an evening game with Beverly High and was completely outclassed. Okerley, the Beverly pitcher, only allowed two hits. Errors went up to a total of 14 for our boys which showed their need of practice.

FIELD DAY, JUNE 16

There was an interesting program of athletic events, some of which were: a quarter mile run; inter-class relay races; a 200 yard dash and a 100 yard dash; broad jump and high jump. The boys who competed had practiced hard and made a good showing.

FOOT BALL

All who wish to take part in this sport next fall must be up in their studies for each year of attendance. Conditions are not very bright for a strong team as the boys are too light to compete with other high schools, whose teams outweigh them two to one.

GRADUATES OF 1918

Hester Lord has graduated from Kerry Normal, Boston.

Margaret Wallace is at the "Aggie".

Vivian Russell is finishing her sophomore year at Mt. Holyoke College.

Pauline Prime is at Salem Normal School.

Lillian Chisholm, Lillian Richardson, Margaret Ryan, and Esther Hirtle are holding office positions in Rowley, Newburyport, and Salem.

Beatrice Mansfield is working at Marblehead.

George Gordon is farming at home.

Ivan Kent is at the United Shoe Co.

Graduates of 1919

Cora Benedix is at home on a vacation from Laselle Seminary, Auburndale.

Althea Hayes is at Marycliff Academy, Arlington Heights.

Edith Spyut and Lucy Sturgis are attending Burdett.

Georgia Reid and Elsie Jones are having a vacation after their first year at Boston University.

Austin Caverly and Samuel Gordon have been taking post graduate courses at the Manning High School.

Ellen O'Brien, Thelma Damon and Margaret Reilly will soon finish their first year at Salem Normal School.

Lucy Bailey is in the office of John Hancock Co., Boston.

Myrtle Goditt has a position in the Ipswich Mills' office.

Ethelinda and William Tucker are at Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.

Cleon Johnson is at Amherst "Aggie."

Spencer King is working in the Ipswich Mills.

Hildred Davis is working in the office at the Ipswich Mills.

Douglas Jewett is attending Wentworth College, Boston.

Chester Anthony is at home.

Clarice Davidson is attending the "Aggie."

EXCHANGES

We gratefuly acknowledge the following exchanges:

Review—Lowell, Mass.

Holten—Danvers, Mass.

Beacon—Boston University.

Chronicle—Marblehead, Mass.

Early Trainer—Essex County Training School, Lawrence, Mass.

What we Think of Others

The Beacon—Boston University.

Your paper is excellent in all respects. It has a fine literary department. We especially enjoyed reading "Mush Versus Mush." The poem "World Garden" is exceptionally good.

The Early Trainer—Lawrence, Mass.

You have excellent material in your paper. Your editorials show very good work. Your jokes are clever.

The Review—Lowell, Mass.

We are glad to receive your paper. It has some very good ideas in it well worth copying. Your literary material is excellent, especially the story entitled "Brand Mason." Your "Knocks Department" is certainly a fine thing. The appearance of the paper is somewhat crowded on account of the advertisements on the literary pages.

The Holten—Danvers, Mass.

Your cover design is very appropriate. The story called "The Ghost of Hazeltine" is very interesting.

The Chronicle—Marblehead, Mass.

Your idea in having the paper in newspaper form is very good. You should have more jokes.

What Others Think of The Tiger

The Review—Lowell, Mass.

Here is a new exchange which we are glad to receive. You have the foundations for a good paper, but we should suggest some cuts for each department. The Literary section contains some good stories. Where is your Exchange Department?

NOT WHAT IT SEEMS

Did you ever walk on a warm afternoon
Or lose your heart in the full of the moon?
Did you ever ride in a beaver hat
Or chance to go on a bacon bat?

Have you ever danced with an orchestra great
Or very often made a date
Or held the line for a friend of yours
Or taken a lantern to do the chores?

Did you ever fall for a girlie sweet
Or lose your head when on your feet?
Have you ever been tripped by the door to the hall
Or drunk lemonade after the ball?

Did you ever hear a dogwood bark
Or go for a day on a pleasant lark
Or taste a complexion of peaches and cream?
Did you ever see moss on an old sunbeam?

Have you ever seen a woodpecker's peck
Or ever run down with your laundry check?
Ever measure a distance with your eye?
You haven't? Well, neither have I!

HILDA SCALES, '21.

Brown (in Ancient History): "The battle of Tours was fought from dawn till dark on a Saturday night in October."

Miss Ferguson: "I suppose the Saracens fled at moonrise on Sunday morning?"

There was a young man of Ipswich
Whose name was young Georgie McSwitch,
He went overseas
And came back with some ——
And now all poor George does is itch.

A little boy was walking along the street and he kept sniffling. A lady, passing by asked: "Little boy, haven't you a handkerchief?"

"Yes," he replied but I don't lend it to strangers."

She was that annoying kind of girl who is continually humming popular songs For the last few weeks it had been war songs, much to the vexation of her brother lately returned from France.

"Don't you know the war's over?" he asked.

"Whistle it," she replied, "and I'll see if I do."

Miss Damon had just assigned the lesson in shorthand. As usual one of the pupils came up and began to argue about it. At last the wearied teacher said, "I don't care, shoot (suit) yourself."

When you leave the old Manning High School (Old)
When you're leaving the old school for good (Hurrah)
When troubles and strife have entered your life (Maybe)
And you wished you were back there again (Never)
When gloom keeps you longing for study (Impossible)
As the empty stomach longs for food (Ah!!!)
We will answer your call, we'll forgive you for all (Yes??!)
But we'll never go back there again, (You tell 'em)

Author (Unknown)

Into the Shorthand class one day,
Lucy Lee came prancing in.
With her usual happiness
And her face a-grin.

Her classmates all seemed anxious
Their cheerful friend to greet
They lent their full attention
Till Lucy took her seat.

Lucy still was smiling, but not
As mirthfully as before.
Expressions of great agony,
At times on her face she wore.

And when at last the teacher
Came in to hear her class,
All were happy, very happy,
Except one little lass.

Miss Damon, when the class was o'er
Lucy's quiet to extol
Said, "Miss Lee, you alone did well,
Your laughter to control."

All this praise to Lucy
Didn't seem quite fair,
So she sadly whispered
"K. put a tack in my chair."

Miss Wood (to unprepared French class): "I find it rather hard to swallow all the excuses."

Pupil: "Perhaps she'll choke when she hears mine!"

The first poetess in Ipswich was Anne Bradstreet; the last is in the Sophomore class. Ask Mr. Hodgkins who she is.

A teacher I know, named Miss Wood
As a friend and a teacher she's good
She's engaged it is said
So I guess she will wed
I know she could if she would, and she should.

Selections from Junior Poems

When Bobby's tummy was nearly full
Mother brought out a large cake.
Bobby asked never a question
But loosed his belt around his stomach.
The rhyme was unintentional.

The day was blue and so was I;
A drizzlin rain I felt;
The clouds hung heavy in the sky;
I thought that I would melt.
Some weather!

Bean entered Spanish recitation late, as usual.

Miss Wood—"Bean, we are waiting for you. You are the missing link."

Bean—"Oh no, I am the whole chain!"

We all know that Bean is clever at repartee.

THE MAGIC OF A SMILE

There's no one in this world who knows
How much a smile can do.
It quickly cheers the saddest hearts
For it penetrates right through.

No one knows how much a smile
Can do on a cloudy day.
It drives away all solitude
And makes the sunbeams play.

Who has not seen how just a smile,
To people old and grey,
Can make the dear old eyes grow bright
And send their clouds away?

If you ever see your neighbors
Sorely troubled and distressed
Some cheery words and smiles from you
Will help them do their best.

And if you should have a grievance
Bear it bravely all the while.
Do not waste your time complaining
But just simply smile.

LUCY LEE, 1922.

A. P. LITTLEFIELD

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